

WANTED--AT ONCE, SOME GOOD PLAYS

Managers Have to Fall Back on Such Material as "The Spenders," Lacking Dramas of Real Force.

SCORES THAT ARE USELESS.

William Collier Had 500 Offered Him for Successor to "Personal," but They Were Not Available—Especially Bromo-Seltzer Class.

The weakness of "The Spenders" as a play serves to emphasize the scarcity of good new plays, not only here but in the London market as well. It is not a question of money; it is a matter of material. Charles Frohman never stops at price. He is willing and ready to pay whatever any promising play is worth. He is generous to the point of extravagance. But plays worth producing are not being turned out at a very rapid rate these days, and this week's offerings at two Broadway theatres prove that managers are finding themselves obliged to go back to that old and bone-dry, excellent source of dramatic makeshift, the book shelves.

Happy Clyde Fitch is getting back to his old form, and the entertaining quality of "Her Own Way" gives promise that his forthcoming "Major Andre" and "Glad of It" may be equally acceptable. That hundreds of other ambitious but obscure authors are straining to snatch a fortune like that which Mr. Fitch has earned and is earning has been indicated by the astonishing number of plays which were offered William Collier when it became known he was to cast and "Personal" and to play something else. It is said that in the last four weeks there have been submitted to Mr. Collier no less than five hundred manuscripts. By a peculiar and amusing coincidence, it appears about nine out of every ten of these plays introduced the chief character in the odd, "Personal" play that played about his head and ice clinking in a pitcher at his elbow, while he pressed his throbbing temples and remorsefully ruminated on the wild time he had the night before.

It might be added for the edification of writers who may in future hope to fit Mr. Collier with a play that he wouldn't accept as a gift a piece in which he was called upon to portray the comic horrors of the headachy "hang-over." The comedian doesn't hesitate to say that he believes his talents entitle him to graduation from the bromo-seltzer class.

There is neither wailing nor gnashing of teeth at Weber & Fields' because of the secession of the McCoy sisters from stage management. Instead, there is a thankful praise because these two divas of the dance are going away from there. Sisters who dance seem to have a fatal and foolish notion that the centre of the stage should be roped off and held sacred for them. It is not so long ago that the Hengler sisters went into a voluntary period of seclusion because of entertaining a similar idea. The Hengler girls and the McCoy sisters are alike in one other respect: Both have mothers.

The tightness of Frankie Bailey's tights was the indirect cause of a row at the Casino a night or so ago. At the close of the first act of "The Runaways," the chorus girls were crowding upstairs to their dressing-rooms, with Miss Bailey vainly in the lead. The third girl in the stair-climbing procession said to the girl behind Miss Bailey: "Hurry up."

"I can't," answered the "Daisy" addressed, because Miss Bailey can't go any faster.

"Then let me pass you," demanded the impatient one driving a shove.

"I won't," declared Miss Bailey's follower.

Words led to violence, and the girl who wanted to get by knocked the other girl down. Miss Bailey, calm creature that she is, proceeded to her dressing-room unruffled and unwrinkled.

The opening of the Empire Theatre with John Drew in "Captain Dieppe," has been deferred until next Tuesday evening, giving another day in which to put the finishing touches on the remodelled house.

When Maxine Elliott entered the lobby of the Garrick Theatre yesterday morning and stood near the box-office window, waiting for a chance to speak to the treasurer, one of the long line of women waiting to buy tickets touched the actress on the arm and asked: "Have you seen the play?"

"Yes," answered Miss Elliott. "Is it good?"

"Excellent," responded the woman. When the actress departed a woman in front of the questioning one said sharply: "That was Miss Elliott you were speaking to."

"I know it," snapped the other. Then, when the woman who told her this had gone, she turned to a friend who was waiting and said: "I didn't know it, but I wasn't going to have a fresh person like that teach me anything."

NOTE TOLD OF WRECK.

Seepage in Bottle Said Steamer Was Sinking.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 7.—A special from Alexandria Bay to-day states that a bottle has been found floating in the St. Lawrence River, containing a message which reads as follows: "Long Point, Lake Erie, Sept. 17, 1901."

"Steamer Harpoon sinking; seven feet of water in hold. 'CAPTAIN,' signed. The bottle was badly chipped, giving evidence of a long voyage."

WATCHING THE ANARCHISTS.

Visit of Italy's King to Paris Makes the Police Vigilant.

PARIS, Oct. 7.—The police have established surveillance over the Anarchist element here in view of the approaching visit of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy to Paris. The arrest and expulsion of several suspects is expected.

The Patrie asserts that the authorities are aware that several Anarchist leaders recently left America for Europe.

H'Y TO REFUSE FREIGHT.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has so much more freight than it can carry that it has placed an embargo on grain shipments for domestic use. This is the second railroad that has done this. In addition almost every railroad in the country is complaining of a shortage of freight.

'RED FEATHER' ONE IN DE KOVEN'S CAP

New Opera Well Liked on Its Presentation in Baltimore by Grace Van Studdiford and a Good Company.

SCORE IS ESPECIALLY FINE.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., Presents a Chorus Strong in Singing Ability and Stages Romantic Piece in Richest Fashion.

(Special to The Evening World.) BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 7.—A big audience which attended the premiere of the Ziegfeld Opera Company, headed by Grace Van Studdiford, in "Red Feather," at the Academy, decided that the new opera is a striking success.

Called a romantic opera, this work of Reginald de Koven, Charles Klein and Charles Emerson Cook proved radically different from the usual run of musical pieces. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., in a curtain speech, declared it to be his opinion that the public had tired of the squalid and horseplay, and apparently to-night's verdict bore him out.

The piece was finely staged, the story affording unusual opportunities for spectacle.

It was easily the most ambitious offering that Baltimore has seen in some time. Besides Miss Van Studdiford, who has seldom sung or acted to better advantage, Elsie Levers, a Parisian beauty, won the audience by her beauty. The entrance of the guard of Romania, splendid in armor, was the signal for vociferous applause, a repetition of which occurred when Miss Anna Lind, strikingly gowned and accompanied by a party of New York friends, entered a box.

James E. Sullivan, the American comedian, who has been absent in Europe for five years, was the recipient of much applause. Harry Lewis, the Crown Prince of Romania, George Tallman, as Captain Trebor, Olive Cline, as Lillian Barton were well applauded.

The chorus showed the result of efforts to present a chorus of excellent others in singing ability.

There was a brilliant assemblage, and at the first act, with a lower bow by Reginald de Koven, who has written an exquisite score; Charles Klein, Charles Emerson Cook and Mr. Ziegfeld.

BRIDE SLAIN? NO, PICKING APPLES

Ulster County Farmers Had Beaten the Woods with Horns and Lanterns Looking for Supposed Murder Victim.

"The Mystery of The Maples," as it came to be known in Ulster County, has been cleared, and instead of finding the body of a beautiful young bride in some dark ravine, with the villainous bridegroom escaping over the sea, the Sheriff of Ulster has found the couple picking apples for their board on a farm five miles from The Maples, a resort near A. A. Watson.

But it gave the county a mighty shaking. For days and nights the folks from the countryside searched the woods and gullies, the hidden streams and haunted houses, expecting any moment to come upon the dead body of the bride.

A few weeks ago George L. Daggett, of No. 83 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, and Jennie Henson, of No. 1413 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, were married in Brooklyn, and with only a suit case for the trousseau, the couple went to The Maples to spend their honeymoon.

What aroused suspicion was that they registered there as G. L. Dodd and wife.

Heard the Bride Weeping.

Mrs. Lockwood, wife of the proprietor, heard the bride weeping in her room on Sept. 27. The next day the couple made arrangements to take the stage coach from the hotel to the railroad station at Pine Bush, five miles away. An hour before the stage was to start they started off for a walk in the woods, that was the last heard of them. A searching party went through the woods but could find no trace.

Then Mrs. Lockwood happened to recall that a few days before the bride had said to her that everything happened a letter would be found in her room. So Mrs. Lockwood found the letter and it said:

"I had to leave here mysteriously. I cannot explain now, but will come back and do not open it. It may be a year, two years, and it may be never."

Of course the suit case was opened and in it was found a couple of photographs, an empty purse and another letter which read:

"If any one opens this suit case save these things for me."

"G. L. DAGGETT, alias G. L. DODD," searched Day and Night.

Sure that a foul crime had been committed, the search was renewed. Every available farm hand was pressed into service. At night lanterns were used. Horns were blown day and night. The hotel keeper remembered that Dodd had written for terms from Jersey City, and he notified Chief of Police Murphy. The Jersey City police found that Daggett had disappeared from his home in Jersey City after his marriage, and that nothing had been heard from him since.

He was said to be a man of great energy and search more energetic and find the body by all means.

The search terminated to-day when Daggett walked into the Maples, paid his board bill and took the suit case. He said he had a wife who was unable to pay their board bill and had been picking apples for their board ever since.

Sheriff Hotchkiss heard of the strange case and took the bride to her home and induced the husband to return for his suit case, providing him with sufficient means to appease the landlord.

HOME LABOR FIRST.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 7.—D. O. Leary, President of the village of Glens Falls, yesterday filed a protest against the employment of Italian laborers on paving work and saved notice on the Barber Asphalt and Paving Company, which has several paving contracts under way. It is up to the company to give preference to local labor. He threatens to hold up payment.

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, WHO WINS FAVOR IN "RED FEATHER."



ITALY AT THE FAIR. WRECK DELAYS TRAFFIC. PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 7.—The morning New York-Portland train over the Worcester, Nashua and Portland division of the Boston and Maine Railroad was two hours late to-day on account of a freight wreck at Fremont, between Nashua and Rochester. Five cars were damaged and Conductor W. F. Sanborn, of Nashua, was slightly injured.

YOUNG BOYSEN WEDDED SECRETLY

Son of Norwegian Author Eloped with Miss Barclay, Whose Engagement to Him Was Approved by Family.

SHOWS TALENT AS WRITER.

Bride's Father Learns of Marriage and She Confesses—The Young Couple Blessed by Her Parents and Mrs. Boyesen Hurries to Call.

Announcement has just been made of the runaway marriage of Miss Adelaide Mott Barclay, daughter of James L. Barclay, to Algenon K. Boyesen, a son of the famous Norwegian author, the late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Although the wedding took place on Sept. 23, the bride's parents and Mr. Boyesen's mother learned of it only a few days ago.

Why the young persons chose a runaway match is a thing known only to themselves, for there was never any objection to Mr. Boyesen by Miss Barclay's family. The two were engaged, a fact that was known to their families and intimate friends. It was soon to have been announced publicly.

They met early in the summer when Mr. Boyesen and his mother went to live near the Barclay summer home. They were seen much together, and it was the general gossip in the society colony that the attraction was more than a summer amusement.

Miss Barclay accepted the invitation to spend several days with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Collier at Tuxedo Park and came into New York on Sept. 13. Here she met her sweetheart and they went to Pleasantville, N. Y. Whether the wedding had been previously planned is not known, but they were married by the Rev. William Reid Blackie.

The bride went to Tuxedo and her husband came back to his apartments in New York. They planned to keep

the matter a secret for a long time, but such secrets will leak out. The rumor of their marriage went abroad, and when the bride was asked about it by her father she admitted the truth. Mr. Boyesen was called in for the parental blessing and his mother hastened out to call on her new daughter.

Mrs. Boyesen is Mr. Barclay's daughter by his first marriage. Her mother was Miss Olivia Bell. She was introduced to society last winter at a reception given at the city home of the Barclays, at No. 14 East Forty-eighth street.

Mr. Boyesen, although only twenty-three years old, has shown much of the ability of his talented father. His writings have been accepted by magazines and he has written several poems of worth.

THREATENED TO ARREST TWO GIRLS

John Langfeld Impersonated a Policeman on Sixth Avenue—Asserted that He Is a Private Detective—Held in \$500 Bail.

John Langfeld, twenty-nine years old, of No. 309 West Fourteenth street, was arrested before Magistrate Cornell, in the West Side Court to-day, charged with impersonating an officer and attempting to obtain money from two young women he had met last night at Eighth avenue and Thirty-ninth street.

The two young women, who are very pretty and gave their names as Lillian Black and Jennie Smith, of No. 309 West Fourth street, said that Langfeld came up to them on the street and told them he would arrest them unless they gave him money.

He exhibited a badge purporting to license him as a State detective. The young women called Policeman Nicholas Goldman, of the West Thirtieth street station, who was passing. He arrested Langfeld.

The prisoner said in his defense that he had simply warned the complainants that he would arrest them if they did not stop accosting pedestrians. He declared that he was a private detective. He was held in \$500 bail for further examination.

About Brain

To get results
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FEED it.

The average man pays some little attention to food that builds muscle but NEVER GIVES HIS THINKER A THOUGHT.

Why? Because he has yet to learn that Brain wastes away daily (exactly like muscle) and must be rebuilt daily by food selected for that purpose—The only way

Else Brain Fog and Nervous Prostration sets in

The things in food that make Brain and Nerve matter are Albumen and Phosphate of Potash and are found in such perfect proportion in

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that even a 10 days' trial of this scientific food will show in renewed vigor and energy in the brain—clearer thinking powers—better memory—sharp, snappy ideas. These are the reasons why

You Can Do Things on a Grape-Nuts Diet.

The chance to give Grape-Nuts a fair trial is denied to none, for the weakest stomach can handle this food without trouble or effort. It is toothsome and delicious and is fully cooked at factory, so it is ready for immediate service with rich cream or in a great variety of dishes described in the recipe book in each package. See also the little book in each package, "The Road to Wellville."

There's a Reason.

H.O'Neill & Co.

Women's Waists and Walking Skirts

We are now showing a great variety of new designs—all are carefully made and are cut to hang evenly—showing the perfection of tailoring.

Special Values for Thursday:

WOMEN'S WALKING SKIRTS, of all wool Tweed Mixtures, finely tailored, all seams lapped, fancy strapped, trimmings on hips—value \$7.00—special for Thursday....	\$4.75
WOMEN'S WALKING SKIRTS—of fine all wool Chevrons, seven gore, all seams lapped, in blue and black—value \$6.75—special for Thursday.....	\$5.00
WOMEN'S WALKING SKIRTS—of Meltons, seven gore, excellently tailored, hips and sleeves tailor stitched—very desirable—value \$10.50—special for Thursday.....	\$8.25
WOMEN'S WAISTS—of fine White Mercerized Madras, front plaited, trimmed with large pearl buttons, fancy collar, strictly tailored—value \$3.00—special for Thursday....	\$1.95
WOMEN'S WAISTS—of fine fleec-lined Figue, yoke plaited blouse, pearl buttons, fancy collars—value \$2.70—special for Thursday.....	\$1.65
WOMEN'S WAISTS—of fine quality imported Flunella Cloth (all wool), in plaited effect, trimmed with velvet, illuminated at collar and cuffs with evening shades of silk—very new effect—value \$5.50—special for Thursday.....	\$3.98

(Third Floor.)

Men's Bath Robes

at \$2.98; value \$4.50.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL BLANKETS AND EIDER-DOWN BATH ROBES, ALSO IMPORTED TURKISH TOWELLING ROBES—Sizes 34 to 44 chest, regular price, \$4.50; special for Thursday, at.....

(Third Floor.)

Men's, Women's and Children's Knit Underwear for Fall.

In this new department, located on first floor, 21st street, everything is ready to meet your demands for Fall Underwear—every worthy brand of Underwear manufactured is represented in our assortment.

The following are Special and all Underpriced for Thursday's Selling:

For Men.

Men's Imported "Novi" pure spun silk underwear; shirts, 34 to 44; drawers, 30 to 42; regular value \$3.00 to \$3.25.

At \$2.50 each.

Men's extra fine and medium weight ribbed shirts and drawers, two-thirds wool, in natural and blue.

\$2.00 grade at \$1.50 each.

Men's white merino shirts and drawers, neatly finished.

\$1.25 grade at \$1.00 each.

Men's super weight Norfolk and New Brunswick shirts and drawers, in white and natural, suitable for all seasons.

\$1.35 grade at \$1.00 each.

For Women.

Women's Swiss Ribbed Merino Vests and Tights.

65c. grade at 55 cents.

90c. grade at 79 cents.

\$1.25 grade at \$1.10.

Swiss Ribbed Silk Vests, neatly crocheted at neck and shoulders, white, cream and pink; sizes, four, five, six.

\$1.00 grade at 68c.

Women's Imported Swiss Ribbed Merino Combination Suits.

\$3.50 grade at \$2.62.

Children's Ribbed Balbriggan Vests and Pants, all sizes.

35c. grade at 25 cents.

40c. grade at 29 cents.

(First Floor, 21st St.)

The New Shoe Department

Shows over 50 Styles of the Celebrated

Edwin C. Burt
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"Edwin C. Burt" Shoes
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Never before sold in New York under \$3.00.

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Invite an inspection of their stock of

Misses', Children's and Infants' SHOES,

comprising the newest and most desirable styles for ordinary and Dress wear.

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Eighteenth St., Nineteenth St., Sixth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen, the King!

Polish up your ancient history.

Read up on the great Gosh-Bye, for Menelik II, Lion of Judah, Son of David, "Nogus Negusti"—king of kings—whose ancestry, it is claimed, can be traced back to the Queen of Sheba, is soon to set his royal feet on our shores.

He is coming here to study Modernism: to learn the many arts of ditching streets, crowding cars until every square inch of space is occupied, watering stocks and, perhaps, a lesson or two on "Graft" from our police who do not come amiss.

But he will do more than learn of abuses of our long-suffering population: he will pick up a few pointers about our business methods; the methods that have made our country the proud nation it is.

And he will probably see and wonder at the great medium that brings together the man in New York who has a business to sell and the man a thousand miles away who would like to buy a particular business.

This great medium is The World.

"Business Opportunity" columns. The World this morning printed 139 "Business Opportunities" and "For Sales."

A man with \$75 can purchase a laundry and cigar store. A man with \$100 can secure a restaurant. A man with \$10,000 can become a partner in a ladies' shirt waist business—annual business \$250,000—says the advertiser. And so on.

There is something for everybody in The World's "Business Opportunities," and it will pay you to read them.

The World's Wonders.

The seven wonders of the world, to see them all I've been; I've seen the Egyptian pyramids with their fashion-able fads.

"But," say I, "the greatest wonders I have ever seen are the Monday Morning Wonders Worked by Sunday World."

Are the Monday Morning Wonders Worked by Sunday World?